

Willard.

J. C. Green
1780

He He

A
P O E M

On the Death of

Secretary *Willard.*

By Peter Oliver Esqr



A
P O E M

Sacred to the Memory of the
Honorable

Josiah Willard, Esq;

Late SECRETARY of the PROVINCE of the
MASSACHUSETTS-BAY,

IN

N E W - E N G L A N D ;

Who Deceased *December* 6th, 1756.

Ætatis 76.

B O S T O N :

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Offices sustained by Secretary *Willard*.

Tutor of HARVARD COLLEGE.

Secretary of the PROVINCE, from *June* 1717, to
December, 1756.

Judge of the PROBATE OF WILLS for the County of
SUFFOLK, from *December* 1731, to 1745.

One of his MAJESTY'S COUNCIL, from *May* 1734,
to *May* 1756.



A
P O E M

Sacred to the Memory of
Secretary Willard.

S *Eraphick Flames !* who with expanded Wing
Surround the God of Nature's awful Throne,
The high Behests of Heav'n to bear abroad,
And guard the good Man to his native Home !

5 My tearful Country, suppliant, asks your Aid.
Ye, who so late your Embassy discharg'd,
And convoy'd *Willard* to the Realms of Light,
His Plaudit to receive ! Ye, sure, can speak
His radiant Virtues, for with Joy ye heard

10 The swelling Musick of celestial Lyres
Salute him, as he pass'd to take his Rank
On the right Hand, among his Fellow-Saints ;
The Crystal Roof of Heav'n resounding full
The Melody : Ye, all exulting, heard

15 The impartial Judge the blissful *Euge* speak,

With.

With Smiles of Approbation in his Face,
 And ye, responsive, echo'd back the Sound !
 Ye *Ministers of Light* ! inspire my Verse ;
 'Tis *Willard's* Merit claims the serious Song :
 20 Point every Period with a Ray divine ;
 His modest Ear is now beyond the Reach
 Of mortal Praise ; no Praise he hears or feels,
 But such as flows, incessant, from the Throne
 Of *Him*, who, ever bounteous, crowns the *Just*.

25 SOON as the early Bud of Being burst
 Its op'ning Leaf, the promis'd Vintage swell'd ;
 The Dawn of Virtue with the Dawn of Life
 Appear'd : at that gay Time, when sportive Youth
 Wantons in Trifles and in Pleasures rolls,
 30 Pleasures of Sense ; He ey'd the Glafs of Time,
 Nor let the smallest Sand run idly off,
 Unrais'd the moral Pleasures of the Mind.
 The tender Plant of Virtue he manur'd,
 And careful guarded from each piercing Frost
 35 Its rip'ning Blossom, 'till the luscious Fruit
 Blush'd to the View, and the Beholder charm'd.

FULL deep he drank of the *Pierian* Spring ;
 Pleas'd with the Draught, he fill'd the sparkling Bowl
 With

With chearful Hand *, to tempt the eager Youth,
 40 Then led them to the Fountain Head to drink :
 They drank, and, grateful, own'd their faithful Guide.

IN Life ascending, still he rose in Fame :
 Such native Merit, of luxuriant Growth,
 To narrow Bounds disdain'd to be confin'd :
 45 His *King*, his GOD, with Approbation saw,
 They saw his Patriot Heart, with glowing Zeal,
 Bursting to Patriot Life ; they bid him go
 And serve his Country § ; she with open Arms
 Receiv'd him ; happy in his Guardian Care,
 50 And ever grateful for so rich a Gift :
 Here firm he stood upon his wid'ned Base
 Of Adamantine Honesty, 'till Death,
 Inexorable to her ardent Vows,
 Enwrap'd him in the universal Shade.

55 THE Post of Honour, the gay tinsel Mind
 Eager pursues, to catch the publick Eye,
 And Riot full in popular Applause :
 To *him*, a Place of Eminence in Life
 Seem'd but the Post of Virtue ; this he thought
 60 The good Man's Orb ; whence ought to stream, profuse,
 Refreshing

* As Tutor of *Harvard College*.

§ As Secretary of the Province.

Refreshing Beams, to cherish publick Weal :
 From this sole Point of View remov'd, he saw
 'Twas but the Road to Infamy, so hard
 By erring Mortals trod, in Quest of Fame.
 65 *He*, wiser, form'd upon this Godlike Plan
 The various Passions of his open'd Mind :
 Hence, ev'ry Passion into Action broke,
 Benevolence the Spring and Bond of all.
 Ye Candidates for Fame in publick Life !
 70 Behold the honest Man ! how clean his Hands !
 His Heart how pure ! unsullied by a Bribe !
 Here, meagre Avarice found no single Point,
 On which, Temptation, with her double Face,
 Could play her artful Game ; so jealous *he*
 75 Lest the strait Rule of *Justice* should be warp'd,
 So rigidly tenacious of her Rights,
 He sacrific'd his own. Unhappy here,
 He err'd ! but Errors of such generous Form
 Will sanctify the Wrong. No Caution here
 80 Is needful for too wand'ring selfish Man ;
 Should he the beaten Path, where Int'rest calls,
 Leave for a Moment ; soon, too soon ! he'll change,
 By private Passions blinded and misled,
 And rather, than himself, his Neighbour harm.

85 Employed now within a narrower Sphere,
 (Narrower, but Virtue dignifies the Post)
 He stands distinguish'd in the * important Cause
 Of Widow and of Orphan ; here he stands,
 Lending a patient Ear to the slow Mind
 90 Unvers'd in Intricacies dark and deep,
 With legal Rights inevitably mixt ;
 (Such the Connections of the social Life)
 Th' entangled Thread unravels to each End,
 And every close perplexing Knot's unty'd :
 95 Their full Assent contending Parties give,
 And claim th' impartial Judgment as their own.
 But standing single in this arduous Post,
 And Nature's Outworks storm'd by fell Disease ;
 His modest Mind by Diffidence o'ercome,
 100 With pure, unstain'd, Integrity resigns.

But still his Country claims him at her Board
 Of † *Counsel*, where his Wisdom she had prov'd ;
 Nor fears, though nobly jealous of her Rights,
 To trust the honest Man whom Kings approve.
 105 Witness Ye Senators ! who first in Rank
 The golden Balance hold, the trembling Scales

B

Which

* As Judge of the Probate of Wills.

† As one of his Majesty's Council.

Which weigh the Rights of Subject and of Prince,
 How steady he maintain'd the equal Poise !
 His Heart nor aw'd by Power, nor yet his Ear
 110 Tickled with Popularity's false Chimes :
 In *Gracian* and in *Roman* Fate well read,
 He saw their Grandeur and their Ruin too ;
 The fatal Rocks, on which they split, he mark'd,
 And, tho' conceal'd, he pointed where they lay.
 115 Licentious Liberty's wild frantick Dreams
 He fled abhorrent, for he knew no Curse
 The social Bonds would sooner disunite.

YE Senators ! who with the Patriot sat,
 Planning the publick Welfare ! who so oft,
 120 To Wisdom's Lore obedient, have been
 In Counsel and in Action, as one Soul
 The whole inform'd ! how often have you heard
 The Heart-felt Passion for his Country's Good
 Breath ardent from his Lips ? matur'd by Time,
 125 And close Attention to the Point in View,
 When solemn in Debate you've sat, intent
 On perfecting the well-plann'd Scheme, how oft
 He threw in Light and scatter'd every Shade ?

VIRTUE's fair Form, his *outward* Mein adorn'd,
 130 The grave and solemn dwelt upon his Brow.

When

When the important Embassy he bore
 To where the *Commons* met, intensely mixt
 In Contest deep ; when every Passion blaz'd
 With Patriot Zeal, each other to outvie
 135 Their English Freedom in maintaining firm ;
 At his Approach a list'ning Silence spread,
 And Reason coolly mild resum'd the Helm.

S U C H *Willard* was, advanc'd to publick View ;
 Each Eye he catch'd, and every Heart he warm'd,
 140 (The manifest Effect of Virtue pure)
 But Heav'n's allwise, unerring, equal Hand
 Of every human Bliss the Period marks :
 To call him off from Duty, loud he hears
 The threatning Summons ; hoary Time he sees
 145 Shaking his Glafs, to hurry down the Sands ;
 He feels the tender Cottage mould'ring fast
 With Age, hard beat by Storms of adverse Life ;
 His *Council Seat* resigns ; he wisely thought
 A *double* Care in publick Life too much,
 150 Already stooping with a Weight of Years,
 And spent with Labours in his Country's Cause :
 One he retains ; such Ardor he express'd
 Mankind to serve, content he could not die
 Unless the Patriot finish'd with the Man.

155 Here,

155 Here, oh my Country ! drop the big swol'n Tear :
 Although 'twas yours the happy Years to boast,
 Whose every Moment saw the virtuous Man :
 'Tis yours to weep him now ; weep then, but still
 Be grateful to your *King*, and bless a kind
 160 Indulgent *Heaven*, who favour'd you so long.
 In every Heart his Memory must live,
 Or Infamy indelible will brand,
 In deepen'd Characters, its odious Stamp.

IF Goodness, so diffuse, creates Esteem
 165 When its bright Beams a larger Circle fill,
 What genuine Love it darts, when every Ray
 Is thrown united to a central Point !

THE *Father*, *Friend*, the *Patron* of *Distress*,
 And all the tender Ties of private Life,
 170 Demand the copious Stream ; and here ! ah here !
 The gushing private Tear redundant flows.
 His Mind full fraught with Wisdom, Goodness, Truth,
 Learning polite, and every winning Grace,
 How soft, how kindly gentle would he pour
 175 The instructive Lesson on the list'ning Soul !
 'Till Virtue's Rays their genial Warmth had spread
 O'er all the Heart, and every latent Seed
 Of Goodness wak'd to Life ? full well he knew

To

To mould the waxen Mind to Virtue's Form
 180 Whilst pliable ; and on it deep impress
 The Stamp of all that's amiably great.

FRIENDSHIP, which gives the purest Taste to Life,
 Height'ning each Joy and less'ning every Care ;
 That link in Virtue's golden Chain, that joins
 185 Immortal Pleasures to a mortal State ;
 That yielding Soil, where grow cœlestial Fruits,
 Although transplanted in this foreign Clime ;
 Its Value he had weigh'd, its Bounds he mark'd,
 Renew'd them oft, nor trespass'd on its Rights.
 190 Such plain Sincerity, such open Faith
 Dwelt on his Tongue and issued from his Heart,
 Love they enhanc'd, and riveted Esteem.
 Benevolence expansive, pure, (confin'd
 To neither Place nor Men, encircling wide
 195 The Race of human kind) he felt intense
 Its ardent Flame ; this Godlike Bent of Mind
 He full indulg'd ; no Inimical Thought
 Profan'd the hallow'd Temple of his Soul ;
 The Foes of Virtue, who unhappy fly
 200 Her very Shade, these shar'd his Heart ; for such
 His Temper, form'd in so divine a Mould,
 Tho' hating Vice, he lov'd the vicious Man.

Fair *Charity* ! thou Queen of Graces ! thou
 Who reign'st triumphant in the blest Abodes !
 205 Say, had'st thou here a Votary more true,
 More constant in Devotion at thy Shrine ?
 Ye low oppress'd with ev'ry Want in Life !
 Be Witness, how his open Hand was stretch'd,
 Each needful Boon profusely scattering round !
 210 Your Wants, like Fogs before a Summer Sun,
 He drove away, and gladden'd every Heart.
 When sinking in cold Poverty's rough Waves
 You catch'd despairing at the floating Straw,
 He'd almost lend the Plank on which he swam.

215 So deep immers'd in Offices of Life ;
 So large a Round of Duty, stretching wide
 From publick Cares to private ; thence again
 From Family to Friend, there seem'd no Space
 For Converse with his GOD : but so intense
 220 In doing well, with Eagerness he seiz'd
 Each Moment as it flew : such longing Zeal
 For Immortality, such Intercourse
 With Heaven's eternal King, so frequent Walks
 In Contemplations cool refreshing Shade,
 225 There seem'd no Time to step abroad in Life.
 Thus like his Master, whom he faithful serv'd,

His

His whole Employment was in doing good.
 But such his anxious Toils in Virtue's Cause,
 Hard press'd by Age, but more with Duty worn,
 230 Unnerv'd his Body, dissipate his Mind,
 With Clouds and Darknes, thick around him thrown;
 Mortality he quits, his Pains he leaves,
 And bursts from Darknes to the Realms of Day.

CEASE then the rapid Tear, nor vainly urge
 235 The mournful Gloom; erect the pensive Eye
 To where *the virtuous Man* is rank'd, above;
 See there the cloudless Soul, unfetter'd, free
 From every terrene Clog, that here, so late
 His Flight retarded to the Throne of GOD:
 240 See his exulting Spirit mounted high
 On Wings of Love cœlestial, basking full
 In the calm Sunshine of the Deity.
 There, every Tear wip'd from his Eyes, he *views*
 The rushing Glories of the World of Light:
 245 He *drinks* the Stream of Pleasure, pure, unmix'd,
 That flows incessant from the sacred Fount:
 His *Ears* delighted with Angelick Harps,
 He tunes his own and joins the sacred Choir:
 The Odours, from the golden Tree of Life,
 250 Which fill all Heaven with Fragrance, he *inhales*:

And

And *feels*, enraptur'd, all those Joys that flow
From Converse with the *Godhead* Face to Face.

ARE these the Pleasures of that happy State
To which, on Earth, the *Saint* a Title gain'd?
255 Complaint be dumb! Friendship rejoice! and you
My Country, check the mournful Stream, nor with
One Moment to recall him from his GOD.
Your Loss is pungent, but perhaps high Heaven
(His Zeal on Earth so ardent, so intense,
260 And passionately restless for your Good)
May dignify you still, and bid the bright
Immortal Spirit, with his wonted Care,
Preside the Guardian of your social Life.

THEN be it yours his Mem'ry to embalm,
265 His publick, private, Virtues venerate;
Pursue the shining *Godlike* Path he trod,
Undeviating here, Faith shews on high
The Mansions of the *Just* where *Willard* dwells.

F I N I S.

20 JY 64

